

Breckenridge News.

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CLOVERPORT, KENTUCKY.

THE CLOVE.

BY RICHARD F. MCDONALD.

The dew of the evening came down
On cottage and village and town;
It came like a prayer on the sun-burned air,
And rested on earth as a crown.

There was peace in the ham on the hill,
There was peace in the rhyme of the rill,
And the robin's rich note on the air was sweet,
With a chirp, and a song, and a trill.

Though the passed long ago from my mind
The thought that left me in sadness behind,
I came back to me true in the fall of the dew,
Once again our affections to bind.

There was peace in the glow on my breast
As I looked in the far distance west,
In that dreamland I gazed on bright stars that
I had never seen in the world of the east.

As the dawn came, the weary found rest,
In the dew of the evening that fell,
On mountains and streams and the air,
Their tales of disaster to tell.

I was glad that the close of my day
And my dream was not far away;
And my eyes were wet, but not with regret,
In the twilight of longings decay.

And the dew of my dreaming I fell
On the robes of my dreamland's spell,
And the dew of life's close dropped on head in re-
pose.

As she whispered, "All yet will be well!"
The dew of the evening that fell,
On mountains and streams and the air,
Their tales of disaster to tell.

HUCKSTER JIM.

BY KEEBICA HARDING DAVIS.

(Youth's Companion.)

"Peas! Champion of England peas!
Fresh pulled this morning!"
Carroll Hutter sauntered to the win-
dow as the cry sounded in front of it.

"Do come here, mamma! Did you
ever see anything so absurd? Positively,
Rollins has stopped the wretched crea-
ture! It is a disgrace to the house."

The wretched creature was a donkey
and its driver, a thin, lame boy of
twelve, clad in well-patched rags. The
donkey drew a sort of basket-wagon,
also patched with willow twigs, bits of
sawing, etc. Inside were potatoes, peas,
and a few baskets of late strawberries.

Mrs. Hutter stepped to the side door,
before which the wagon was drawn up,
and beckoned to her servant.

"Rollins, why do you bring that
miserable cart near the house? You
should either send it to the back door, or
buy from the provision stores."

"Because, madam, cook says that
this boy's vegetables are just out of the
ground, and that the stores are stale.
I could have sent him to the back door,
but the lad is inclined to be a little
'order' of any sort."

Mrs. Hutter, like many fashionable
women, liked to fancy herself a capable
housekeeper. She motioned to the boy.

"How can you bring fresher vegeta-
bles than Scott, who supplies all the
best families in the neighborhood?"

"Because I raise them, ma'am."

"Where is your farm?"

"It's only a patch—in Jersey, five
miles the other side of the river. It
interrupts her son Carroll."

"Fifty cents the half-peck."

"How does that compare with Scott's
prices, Rollins?"

"Just double, sir."

"You are a cheat, boy! I shall not
give you a penny more than Scott
asks."

The boy promptly emptied the peas
into the wagon again. "They are worth
double. I shall not sell them for less,"
he said.

Rollins glanced at his mistress. "They
are worth it, madam. He sells them to
Judge Shaffer's people at that price.
He's a sort of 'protégé' of Mrs.
Shaffer."

Now the Shaffers reigned absolutely
in that world of fashion in which the
Hutters were admitted on sufferance.

"A protégé of Mrs. Shaffer's? Ah!
Come here, boy," said Mrs. Hutter.
"You can take his vegetables, Rollins.
How did you find the means to go into
this business?"

"I had no means, ma'am. I was a
newsboy. Mother took in sewing. One
day I found we could rent a house
beyond Camden with an acre of land
for what our room cost us. So I took
mother out there. We raised vegetables
and herbs. I always bring them with
the dew on them. I charge the highest
price, and only take them to people who
have money to pay the highest price."

"What do you do when the vegetable
season is over?"

"I bring in nuts, and pressed leaves,
and ferns to the same ladies. I sell to
them cheaper than they could buy in
the stores, and they give me more than
the stores would pay to me."

"The boy has the real business
faculty," said Mrs. Hutter.

Her son Carroll, who was a year older
than the peasant, had crossed his
upper lip, where the mustache would
be sometime, and stared at him insol-
ently.

"What a ridiculous turn-out! Did
you buy the cart and jackass with the
proceeds of the patch, eh?"

He was too wise to reason
with him. She drew his head to her
breast, and petted him awhile.

"Now come to supper, Jimmy."

The supper was good, and neatly
served. When it was over, Mrs. Ludlow
lighted the lamp and placed some books
on the table. Jimmy, with a bright face,
sat down to his lessons. Mrs. Ludlow
was an educated woman, and was teach-
ing the boy as thoroughly as he could
have been taught in the grammar
schools.

It was late before they put the books
away. Jimmy drew a handful of silver
out of his pocket.

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"Yes; but here is the capital," touch-
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The horse was seized at once by a
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